

will throng the church. After all, it is the personality of the preacher that draws or repels people. The man of indifferent piety and indifferent ability is not likely to interest very many people. But of the two, he had better have piety than ability. If people thoroughly believe in his Christianity, thoroughly believe that he is a sincere man, a servant of God and a lover of souls, they are going to hear him. They are going to come out. The power of a good man has not waned in the world. But the world has grown wonderfully alert in distinguishing between the real article of goodness and the imitation article. If the preacher wants a crowd, let him first be a *Christian*, and afterwards a preacher. It is of course a great gift, a great auxiliary, if he is possessed of ability, if he can be interesting, forceful, eloquent, impassioned, in the manner and matter of his sermon. The genuine man will always attract men, but the sham man is certain to be estimated sooner or later at his true worth, and when one of this kind scolds from the pulpit at the empty benches before him, the spectacle would be absurd enough for laughter if it were not sorrowful enough for pity.

A General Invitation

"We invite the clergy generally to consider whether there is not a tendency among them to exaggerated statement, to startling pulpit effects, to unusual methods of attracting attention, that offer a ruinous example in the conduct of life."

This from an influential daily paper is quite interesting. Brethren we are all invited, nobody is slighted, every preacher is cited, to appear before the bar of public opinion and say 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' just as the case stands. Well, as an interested outsider we look on while this dignified procession of the clergy marches up, and we are bound to say that there is some truth in the indictment. Yes there is some truth in it, but it should be remembered in extenuation of the charge, that these preachers have to deal with the manifold and cantankerous wickedness of the world, and it is only natural that they should fall into a habit of pious exaggeration. Otherwise it would be very difficult to do the subject justice. But it is the exaggeration of hyperbole, so frequent in scriptural usage, and not the exaggeration of misstatement, or overstatement. Take this example in Gen. 13:16; "If a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered." It is a figure of speech to convey ideas of such magnitude that we can only gain an approximate conception of them by a powerful appeal to the imagination. Now this is precisely the nature of the case when we attempt to discuss the saloon, social injustice, political corruption, military atrocities, human depravity. These ideas are of such magnitude that they have to be treated hyperbolically. That is to say a form of exaggeration has to be resorted to in order to convey anything like an adequate idea of them, an exaggeration which after all is not an exaggeration, for you cannot exaggerate a bottomless pit. It would take a genius to exaggerate the saloon, or war. Have at 'em with your fierce hyperboles, brethren. You are not apt to overdo it. It is our business to create a conscience against these evils, as well as all other. That is our mission, and it is a noble mission. Pray and keep your

powder dry. Sharpen your instruments of war. Turn on the white light of exposure. Arm yourselves with all the thunders of Sinai. Burn the bridges behind you, and rush to the battle.

The Military Mind

Speaking of the capture of Aguinaldo, a distinguished naval officer said that if he had had the job, he would have captured him dead. Upon which a newspaper editor remarks that the said officer is doubtless a gentleman in his personal relations, that in his private capacity it would be impossible for him to dream of assassinating anybody, or committing any crime, but that, having the military mind, when he thinks as an officer he becomes another creature. That's the point exactly. It all depends upon what kind of a mind we have. If we have the mind of a soldier, we can kill our enemies without compunction. If we have the mind of a saloon keeper, we can hold the bottle to our neighbor's lips, and charge him a big price for the privilege. If we have the mind of a gambler we can dicker our neighbor out of his goods. If we have the mind of a thief we can steal. If we have the mind of a liar, we can bear false witness. If we have the mind of the world, we can worship money and power and fame. But if we have the mind of Christ, we can do none of these things. Yes, it all depends upon what kind of a mind we have.

Pitiful

The Atchison Globe says that a woman of that city suddenly rushed out of her front door the other night, screaming, and when overtaken three blocks away was still screaming at the top of her voice. When she had calmed down she said she was suddenly overwhelmed with the horror and pitifulness of old age, and the thought that it was coming to her. Who, excepting perhaps the young and thoughtless, has not felt the pathos of old age? What generous soul has not been moved to deepest compassion at the spectacle of that hoary head, that venerable form, nearing the end of a long, long journey, bearing up yet bravely beneath the burden of increasing weakness and weariness, the relic of a vanished generation, descending into the grave, trembling upon the very threshold of the unseen and unknown world. O let there be nothing but kindness and tenderness, love and appreciation for the venerable fathers and mothers, lingering only for a little while yet among us. Make comfortable with kindness and precious with love what little remains to them of their earthly pilgrimage. By and by it will be our turn to be old, too, but the Christian knows how to leave all that with the Lord. He is not frightened at the thought of old age.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan, there are inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. On one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is a sculptured cross, and there are the words: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal." These inscriptions are well worth remembering.—*Selected.*